

Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1840.
We inform our readers that this is the EIGHTH day of January, 1840. They appreciate the day as a free people, they are apprised of the certain fact. Where was General Jackson on the eighth day of January, 1815? In New Orleans. Where is General Jackson on the eighth day of January, 1840? In New Orleans! This speaks volumes.

BETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 15, 1839.

When I last addressed you, I did not but that by the time I had occasion again to send you a letter, I should have to inform you of the organization of the following representatives; but yet, all is chaos, all is confusion, all uncertainty! Such a warfare as has been waged in the lower branch of the national legislature, is without precedent, and God grant that it may ever remain so! Day after day have the democratic portion of that body struggled zealously to reduce affairs to a state of order and regularity, but as yet in vain, notwithstanding they have on some occasions continued in their seats twelve hours at a time, resisting motions for adjournment, for calls of the house, when every member in the city is at his desk, and for re-considering, all intended to "stave off" a final settlement of the difficulties which exist—motions that were renewed just often by the Whigs as the rules of order, expounded by J. Q. Adams, the pest dyed and the most refractory artisan of the whole number, would allow. Thanks, however, to the indomitable and untiring perseverance of our friends, and at last in sight, and I think that I can promise you that tomorrow will bring about the organization of this most disorderly body. On Friday, the House, or more properly, the "meeting," sat until 12 o'clock at night, the Democratic members having entered into a determination not to adjourn without electing a Speaker, which a step could possibly be brought out, but, finally, at that late hour, added to one of the hundred motions which had been made from the other side for adjournment—having satisfied themselves that no efforts of theirs could bring about so desirable a result as they were opposed by so untiring a party as they had to contend with, while their exertions were subject to the decisions of such a chairman as was in an evil hour, allowed to prolong their deliberations.

Yesterday they re-assembled with a determined determination not to let the day pass without making some further advance towards organization, and this was accomplished by bringing the case to several ballottings for Speaker, all of which, however, produced no satisfactory result, and again at 9 o'clock adjourned. Upon the first balloting, Messrs. Virginia received 113 votes, which I take to be the strength of the administration party proper; Mr. Bell of Tennessee 102, (the strength of the Messrs. Dawson of Georgia 11; Messrs. Pickens of S. C. 5, Mr. Lewis of Alabama 3, and Mr. Hopkins of Virginia 13 necessary to a choice. A second balloting produced nearly a similar result. A third did not vary greatly. On the fourth, demonstrations of a different character were made on both sides—Mr. Jones receiving 101 votes, Dawson 77, Mr. R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia, (a Sub-Treasury whig) 29; Mr. Bell 14 and 13 scattering—8 of which for Mr. Pickens of S. C. On the fifth, Mr. Jones was reduced to 71 votes, Hunter had risen to 68, Mr. Lewis 9, Mr. Bell 22, and Mr. Pickens 6. On the 5th and last balloting for the day, Jones received 39 votes, Mr. Bell 21, Lewis 79, Mr. Hunter 53—the result scattering. The votes cast for Mr. Jones, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Pickens include the administration party proper, and the state rights and most of the sub-treasury whigs—most of the voting for one or the other of gentlemen in such ballottings as in which Mr. Dawson was not named, and it will be seen that on the ballot, they numbered as many votes. Out of this number, I do not, enough will be found to elect a speaker tomorrow, and that Speaker will be Mr. Lewis of Alabama, friends being disposed, as I think, to adopt Mahomet's maxim: "The mountain will not come to us."

CENTRAL REGISTER.

WILLIAM E. SMITH, [WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS THERE IS MY COUNTRY.] EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
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we must go to the mountain." The Whigs will unite upon Mr Hunter, and although he is adverse to them upon many points, they would consider his election a great triumph. Indeed, we may consider ourselves fortunate that we can carry for Mr. Lewis some of the votes which he will obtain, inasmuch as they are derived from members whose sentiments accord more nearly with those professed by Mr Hunter—a condition of things in which it does not become us to tamper too long with their partialities or prejudices.

I am inclined to think that the election of Mr Lewis as Speaker, would secure the success of our candidates for Clerk and Printer—inasmuch as Mr L's especial friends could not do less, in reciprocation of the going over to them of the whole Democratic party, than to sustain our candidates for those offices, and this, as things stand in the House, is an object of no inconsiderable moment. But I hope, by the time I again write you, I shall be prepared to deal in facts, and not have to confine myself, as I do now, mainly to speculations.

You have before this, been apprised of the result of the labors of the Whig Convention at Harrisburg. The country now has before it, for its highest office, Gen. William H. Harrison, brought forward by one of the two great parties which divide this country—I can hardly say who has not a single quality to recommend him, unless it be such as commended old "king log" to his subjects—the quality of imbecility—and I doubt whether even this small merit attaches to him, inasmuch as he is capable of being used by his followers for evil purposes; not the least of which purposes, I fear, would be to advance the cause of Abolition! Disguise it as his supporters may, the fact is apparent, that the fiction of northern Abolitionists have controlled this nomination, and have driven into its support a branch of the whig party from whom better things might have been expected. The organ of the faction is now "making the welkin ring" with applause at the incipient success of their scheme, as manifested in this selection, and it remains to be seen whether the whigs of slave-holding states can, for no better purpose than that of defeating their political opponents, sustain a nomination founded upon such a basis. Hereabouts, the better portion of the southern whigs are cutting loose from all connection with the whig party, and are at last kept in countenance by all who have the slightest regard for their reputation as their country's friends.

They must resume on the seventh of January.—After all, public opinion is the great regulator, and unless we greatly mistake the character of the times, which in all reason we should not, the banks, severally, will, in this city, resume specie payments by the 7th of January, 1840—the day on which the Legislature convenes, and upon which the ninety days of popular forbearance shall have expired. Public opinion points out the date alluded to, and we understand it from the best of authority, that at least ten of them are willing and anxious to resume at that time. Three or four insolvent institutions should not be permitted to prevent a whole community of good, sound, and honest men from paying their just responsibilities. It is acknowledged by some of our best merchants, and most experienced bankers, that there was really no real cause for a suspension by our well conducted banks; but that the sad condition of those which had speculated largely, issued post notes, and loaned the major portion of their capitals out of this State, and country, occasioned it. The latter are not in a situation to resume, nor is it probably they will be by the date before mentioned—but, shall they deter others from the good work? Are we to experience all the evils of a depreciated currency, a stoppage of business, a dishonored and discharged reputation, because three or four imprudent corporations hang over the skirts of the sound banks for help and continuation? We say no. Let the solvent banks resume on the 7th of January next, and let the others wind up, or wait until the Legislature appoints commissioners to take possession of their effects for the benefit of their creditors.

A HEART-TOUCHING STORY.

A genteel and intelligent young man about thirty years of age, named George Mortimer Wardwell, was recently taken up at St. Louis, on a charge of being drunk in the streets, and disturbing the peace. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and evidently laboured under great emotion. When requested to give some account of himself, (we copy from the St. Louis Bulletin,) he replied:

Sir—I have now arrived at the extremity of degradation which long ago, I became satisfied would one day or other become my portion. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth, when I first started in this world, my prospects and hopes were as bright as the sky that bent over me. I married a beautiful wife, when I was twenty-eight years old, and had acquired a considerable competence. Sir, I need not tell you how I loved her! I see by your countenance that you know something of human nature, and are already satisfied that I am not a common loafer—and that I have been driven to the present extremity by some extraordinary circumstances. But I will proceed with my story. Two years after I was married to my wife—who was a young English lady of handsome expectations, and had a beautiful boy to bless me with the endearments, we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England, immediately, for the purpose of settling the affairs of the deceased, and receive my wife's portion of the estate. I immediately made preparation for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate friend, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby, I set sail for England.

My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and I began to feel the most intense anxiety in regard to my family. The letters which I received from my wife grew brief and infrequent, sometimes starting me with their abruptness. Just before the final steps of my wife's portion were about to be complete, I received a letter from America, warning me to hasten home, as I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife's name by my speedy return. I hurried home leaving my business still unsettled, & arrived in time to find my wife eloped with my friend Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy, in the orphan's asylum—in object of public charity.

Willoughby had represented himself as a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health.

Placing my child in proper protection I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart bursting with revenge. At Montgomery (Alabama) I learned that Willoughby had been there with a lady, whom he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious blacker and swindler, and (my wife) behind in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from her base paramour, she borrowed money of some of the citizens and followed him.

"Mad with rage and disappointment; I pursued—At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New Orleans; and, on making enquiry of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one of them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I had gave, had gone up the river on his boat some time since. I immediately embarked for this place, sir; and, my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take a passage on deck.

"I arrived here in a complete state of destitution; and being unable to learn any thing of my wife, or the villain Willoughby, I became discouraged and disheartened—the bottle was my resort. I mingled with the vilest of the vile; and last night was persuaded by several others, to visit a house of ill-fame. I entered—and the first object that met my gaze, was my wife, sitting on the lap of a disgusting ruffian, and resting her tender cheek, which I had not suffered even the winds of Heaven to visit too roughly, to his disgusting caresses. Sir, sir, I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house, invoking the most impious maledictions upon him who had been the cause of such misery and anguish; and found myself this morning in the situation you now behold me. Sir, nothing which you can inflict will be a punishment to me; and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life. I have lived too long—I am ready to die."

He was discharged.

Mr. Woodbridge, the lately elected Governor of Michigan, was formerly of Norwich, Ct., and married a daughter of the late Judge Turnbull.

THE EDITOR.

The editor is the dupe of destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take-in. His land of promise is a moving bog. His bed of roses is a high-backed chair stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honours resolve themselves into a capital box—his pleasures are heavy penalties—his pride is the snuff of a candle—his power but volume of smoke. The editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone—the thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding—is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the most ill-used individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is in reality a victim to the opinion of others. He incurs more than nine-tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appear, the editor is unspairingly condemned—if a brilliant one be inserted, Anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist "in the substitution of 'it' for 'if it is,' and the insertion of the word 'however' here and there, to impede the march of a fine style." Commas and colons are the only points he is reputed to make—his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis—he is but a note of admiration of genius! His life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity—he sits as charioteer, outside the vehicle, in which prodigious talents are driven to immortality.

It is his fortune to insert all his contributors in the temple of glory, and to always exclude himself for want of space. He is always to "go in," but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystic y— to be continued in the next. He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out at the corners of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed up, querulously ejaculates, "who is he?"—it by any chance, perceives instead of censure should be meditated, the long man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they are going to horsewhip him. Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are not indebted for that polish of the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or a harsh period in some favourite contribution? Oh, the editor has attended it, or neglected to revise the press! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he rejects. It is a curious feature of his destiny, that that if he strike out but a single line of an article, whether in verse or in prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best. Accepted he never wrote.

Editors are invariably abused and rejected; that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time insisted on, that judgment is exactly the quality which the editor has not. An author is praised in a review—he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industriously inquired for; an author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disgusted with the editor. Week after week, month, after month, the said editor succours the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or promulgates the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting, safety lamps, and steam paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names, his own is an eternal absentee.

Scene at a Levee.—When Mr. Livingston, who was a little deaf, went to the court of Napoleon, he inquired what would be the probable salutation of the First Consul, that he might readily answer. When the American Minister was introduced, he had, prepared to answer regarding his passage across the Atlantic—Napoleon accosted him thus:—"How is Mr. Jefferson?" "Very boisterous! very boisterous!" replied Mr. Livingston, to the great amusement of those present.

"You scarce would expect one of my age."—The Springfield, Mass., Journal, makes mention of Mrs. Burrett, who had two children at the age of sixty!

At a wedding up town a few even'ngs since, after the clergyman had united the happy pair, an awful silence ensued, which becoming rather ominous to a young man, he exclaimed, you need not be so un-pickably happy.

At what season of the year should we be most busy?—Flea catching season.

[From the N. York Sunday Morning News.]
AUTHENTIC OCCURRENCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ANDRE AND ARNOLD.—Some days since, while in the company of Samuel Cassidy, Esq., of Jersey City, he related to me the following anecdote connected with General Washington. As every record of our revolution is eagerly treasured, and especially Arnold's treason, and this may be so relied on, we requested Mr. Cassidy to give it to us in such a shape as to present intrinsic evidence that it could be relied on—which would be best perfected by his permitting the relation to emanate from himself, with his name attached. To this publicity it is but justice to him to remark, that he strongly objected, but was persuaded by our earnest entreaties.

To the Editor of the S. Morning News:

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your request, I commit to paper some details given me a few years ago, by the late Governor Ogden, of New Jersey, in regard to an offer made by General Washington to Sir Henry Clinton, to give up Andre if the Americans could capture Arnold. I well recollect hearing my father say it was generally believed in the American army, that such an offer had been made. On mentioning this to Governor Ogden, he immediately said that he had reason to believe that the offer, if any there was, was made through him. I requested him to tell me the particulars, which he did, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"The American army lay at West, in the State of New York, and the British were in possession of New York at the time of the capture of Andre. I received an order to repair the next morning, at 8 o'clock, at Gen Washington's headquarters, with twenty-five horses, the finest that I could select. I repaired thither at the hour appointed. Gen. Washington handed me a letter for Sir Henry Clinton, with directions, that before I left the camp for New York, I should call and see the Marquis de La Fayette. The letter of Gen Washington was probably on some subject not at all with the real object of my journey.

"I went to the Marquis' quarters, and he said to me, 'You must set off at such a time of day as will of necessity make it near night when you get to Powles Hook, when the commanding officer no doubt will invite you to stay at night, and you must insist on delivering that letter to the commanding officer there. You must tell him privately, that if we can capture Arnold, Andre will be relieved, and that you have very high authority for saying so.'

"I left the camp with my twenty-five horses and reached the foot of the Bergen hill about sun down. There was a strong force drawn across the causeway and we halted. I stated that I had a letter for Sir Henry Clinton from Gen Washington, and that my orders were to deliver it into the hands of the commanding officer at Powles Hook, and to no one else. We were immediately admitted, our horses taken care of, and in the evening, after delivering the letter, was invited to a supper with the officers here. I was seated on the right of the commanding officer, and some time elapsed before I had an opportunity of delivering the message from the Marquis. I said to him 'I am authorized to say that, if the Americans can capture Arnold, Andre will be relieved.' He seemed thunderstruck, and immediately answered, 'That must be seen Sir, attended to. I will go and still, and let it appear. Do you sit gone out for a moment, on some ordinary matter of business.' He was gone about two hours, and returned and took his seat. As soon as he had an opportunity to speak to me privately, he said, 'Sir Henry Clinton says, a deserter was never given up.'

This statement is as exact as I can repeat it from memory, it having been made to me by Governor Ogden from eight to ten years ago. I commit this to writing at your particular request, as you thought that the circumstances ought not to be lost, and that they should appear in an authentic shape. While Governor Ogden was living, I thought it was his sole province to do as he pleased in relation to this Revolutionary reminiscence; but as he is no more, I see no impropriety in what I am now doing. You will bear me witness, Mr. Editor, that I wished you to publish the narrative without my name to it, and that my subscribing my name at all, is because you urged me to do so.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
SAMUEL CASSIDY.

By the arrival last evening of the schooner Emblem, we learn that the Federalists, in conjunction with the Texans, under Col. Ross, 1200 strong, were encamped nine miles from Matamoros on the 13th ult., preparing to attack the place.—True American.

"The sun had set beneath the western horizon—the moon had risen in majestic splendor—the stars were twinkling in their orbits—and all nature seemed hushed to repose.—My God! Shall what a night for—sabbath passings!"